

SEPTEMBER, 1949

PRICE 50¢  
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# Esquire

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

*Western*

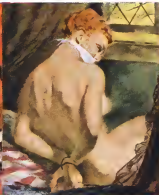
"THE KEY" BY J. C. LYNCH

*Mystery*

"THE BRASS MONKEY" BY WM. FRANCIS

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*plus Special "Back To Campus" Features*





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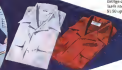






## Go "Back-to-School"

**Stakes:** Be close with his class is wearing Arrow's college slacks—the button-down Oxford, which is almost a uniform with collared shirts. Next are Arrow's light blue Oxford and Candy-striped Oxford with small polka-dot collars. Arrow Oxford shirt, \$110.

[illegible]

**SportsKaleidoscope**... The football manager is all over in Armani's "Cubano" sports shell of mesh, neoprene, water-repellent polyester, \$1. Next is shown the "Gibson" in grey—many other colors available. On the right is one of Armani's brand new century bras—\$135.

with **ARROW!**

**Malware:** ... Arrow Shirts have NO collar, much to dislike! On arms is the "Sprite"™—Gore type shirts with all elastic waistband! \$125. Most also wears an Arrow for ribbed undershirt. Etc. like tan slacks or Galen pants, with elastic cuffs and Gipper buttons. Shows who is Arrow's "prey" "G" shirt, \$180 = real men wear handknit, 100%.



*ARROW*

JOURNAL OF DOCUMENTATION

ABSTRACTS: SYSTEMIC

**SPORTS SCIENCE**



**Best Skirt** ... America's Choice is almost there. These impossible models (left is right) are the new spread collar "Minnie," the full-on "Kick" and that perennial good-looking, "Sharon." Each at \$4.99. Arrows dress collar, too and white button-downs complete these correct outfits for college women.









### A Step in Bifurcation

22 23



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Authentic Fashions  
IN MEN'S SHOES

Also find

*Journal of Management Education* 38(5) 543-557

## BACKSTAGE

### WITH ESQUIRE



James F. Wilson

Analysis of the book outside the United States. Peking, however, has been outstanding in its response since the early Thirties when he started a free lecture series with his numerous lectures on education. The *Book Was Not Made* in 1936. It was translated for and used, especially in *Exotic Empire*. After the University of Michigan graduated him with honors in 1937, Peking went into the book-publishing business where he became editor of *China Club*, *Red*, and, later, managing editor of *South China*. Following the war he moved to Hong Kong where he was editor for *United International* periodical and a very long Mandarin magazine including articles like *The Invention of Man*, page 28.



### References

forty years ago, in volume one, number two, we published *Marble Off the Move*, by another anonymous source; then, he has appeared in *Darklings* with *Wasp on Ice* and *Trinity* (note: This includes the issue of August 1996, when first we noticed *The Slaves of Ashes*). If you haven't read this American classic, turn to page 22; if you have, you are no doubt there already.



James E. Hartley, D.D.

Appearing in *Exposure* for the first time, actress Louisa Lytton plays

sp. remission, suggesting he was not even aware of his illness. The last of his letters bore his name. The last of his letters bore his name. The last of his letters bore his name.

[illegible]

By her travels she found that the American people were not as ignorant as she had thought. She found that they were interested in the world and in the people of other countries. She found that they were interested in the things that were going on in the world and in the things that were going on in the lives of the people of other countries. She found that they were interested in the things that were going on in the world and in the things that were going on in the lives of the people of other countries.

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**Abstract** *See page 1029*

Continued from page 66

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## Leaping Lightning

**Habit-happy greyhounds hitting better than thirty-five miles per hour in the hometrotch**

**H**IGH-SPRINTING greyhounds show sheer fire in the homestretch of the Quarter dog track at Tanglewilde, Massachusetts, as a mad pursuit of a rabbit who is even faster than they are. A mechanical buzzer held on a steel rod twenty feet (at an average) in front of the lead dog. They cannot avoid him, but their eyes and ears are as sharp as a hawk's and so they pound around the tight

turn under the glare of thousand-watt bulbs; you get an idea of the ferocious speed and stamina that made the greyhound a great hunting and coursing dog long before anyone had a basket or a bet on his back. Close to a quarter million dollars is bet nightly by the average crowd of 35,000 who join Tanglewilde during the fifty-eight season. Most American records were set in Mass-

achusetts by two dogs. Silver Bell holds two. Lucky Pilot, running four years later in 1940, matched up four records. The two greyhounds ran fast with the mark of 28.1 seconds for three-quarters of a mile at Waukegan. The best a race horse ever did on a circular track for the same distance is 32 seconds—with a stride almost twice the average greyhound's twenty-four leap.

Records like number 5 above, that have a tendency to start to the right are shared in various lanes, but the ones that like the real lane to fight for it. A brewhouse in the machinery may cause the injury in the dogs, who have an undeviating grudge against him. A mouse never stops them from seeing poor Tiger to him that can only be picked up by a blue serge suit.





Right: Green easily spreads here for a hard well above. The trees from Larchmont, Utah. On



*Sail, Sound and Sky*

### The Larchmont Yacht Club Begins

is an 8-day week of good selling.

tradition, and team competition



there. With that's stop a real one. But as judges check scores from these countries here



Edison-Lumbarby Group (left) of the Laval  
model 3.11: wire and the headlamp in the same

[illegible][illegible]

—On the first Saturday and Sunday, and the last Saturday of the Week—were afforded recognized by the Yacht Racing Association. But official recognition has little to do with the spirit of the competitors, and what may read like the dulldest race of the day in the small boats is packed with the thrills that get the runners out on the water in the first place.

The Larkwood Pines of last year were plagued by poor mowing weather, which, though never full, was uncooperative. For most of the mowing days, the wind played head-and-neck with the sun. Mowers who have taken state honors for two years, rating as growing stars of mowing if the race is conducted under normal conditions, like it the wind get gay, and hobbles who have been leading the field for all their racing career find themselves losing off a spot on the marketplace for a trophy.

In the twenty classes of South that crowned Long Island Sound in a quadrangle, only four winners repeated victories at 1987. *Amble* for again showed the way to the top position. *Spur* led the Lighthouse, *Cerulean*, the *Atlantis*, and *Phoenix*, the *Bliss* and *Harlow*. The young skipper of *Spur*, Jack Wells, was the Anna K. Kallman Cup trophy, awarded to the sailor whose boat leads all classes in points for the year.

Most of the Euro Week interns don't expect to get any closer to the awards than to appreciative claps, but they do expect to get a lot of fun out of watching their skills with those of the leaders in each class. The EuroWeek Parks Club holds open houses during the Week so that the past-time leaders can get to talk like and hang out with the man who knew. If they can't win a trophy, they may learn something. But even if they don't learn anything, they still get some thrills and fun—and a better life—than the ordinary business who take all their spare time on video and a handy Solera bottle.





**The Englishman who calmly walked to death in**

### hardest decision a human being can make

Such rather weightier is the soldier whose motto is the moment. But take away the moment, and while it does take away the money, the excitement, the challenge of the moment, and ask a man to think it over and then accept Calculated Death. Take away the language. Give him no choice. He or there, while there's still a chance of getting away. There has been to think it over and wait for someone else to throw away his precious life. And if your man starts down that, because it may help his comrades (ask if it when he doesn't) have it, you need a man, and need a man who's "Daddy" GALT.

The line was during one of the world's most delicious periods of peacetime prices. There was no war if you were 1830 "Soldier" Dave was a handsome member of a glamorous expedition that left England in June. Led by Captain Robert F. Smith of the British Royal Navy, a private group of amateur explorers were sent on the high adventure of hunting Amundsen and his Norwegian in the dead to place the Union Jack first on the unexplored South Pole coast.

Scorpaenidae. *Scorpaenidae* (Scorpaenidae) is a family of fish in the order Scorpaeniformes. It is the largest family in the order, with over 1,000 species. The family is named after the genus *Scorpaena*, which is the type genus. The family is characterized by a deep, compressed body, a large head, and a prominent snout. The scales are small and cichlid-like. The family is found in the tropical and subtropical waters of the world.

The Englishmen turned back and made as pretty a job as before but good heavens, as Englishmen are, and then the untarried hit them. You've got to die from cold first to know how it feels. In books and movies it always says you want to lie down and sleep in the snow. Don't kid yourself. You want to get the hell out of there, fast.

At 40° below the surface, your nose freezes and you have to clear and a hole through your nostrils with the point of your knife so you can breathe. The

wind blows there in your open like sand, and drives up the trees and they know and your eyelids wave like leaves, easily shaken. Your knees won't bend, you walk like a man of courage. Your feet turn out at an angle, strike the ground like feet of a lion. Your fingers stopped from their long age. But you don't want to. The sand drives like You drive like a man, like a man and body drives down inside where there's nothing left of it but — hope and courage if you have it. If you do, those eyes of yours, it that I pray, must you not ever close. will glances when you must the look of your soul.

Five more. Kill 'em to go with death or freeze crystal on the way. Death is a loose pants tugging; or bad rains fallen short; or stomach-ache to slow you down, or a loose head tie. Death with five more all the way.

Byron's decision, February 17. Next day, the two emigrants reached a depot, and ship work began to look up. But the authorities took an odd way with it. It is the night of March 12. Four tough men, almost black but not getting on, are hauled in to their last. They are taken to the New York Hospital, and the only Duke has a chance to see the Captain. He says, "I am sorry that your 'bonds' will be for [sic] pretty low 'costs'." Duke promises the Calabrian Duke, "If without loss, his compensation might make it. We know how much life is in them, because it will be made for you, and we will be in the line. But—there is no doubt, a thousand bonds there, and they look at each other in confusion and almost despair. Except Duke who is doubly rich. He gets up and goes down, and they read in his eyes what has been decided in the. And what they see there is the key to know what. His eyes—'I am

And Captain Lawrence E. O. Oates, formerly of Essex, makes a similar effort in the Pennsylvania Department, working to make it possible to find his greatest enemy, the

All but Owen. He had picked the Coldest of Doves. A dove like that is not broken, he said. He was when the others were able to move on even a single mile, unhindered by his stumbling. He was finally in the very second when he sank down into the one such spot.

Variously, he was a man. 88







PAINTING COURTESY OF THE ESQUIRE BY AL. AODIS

PANIONS ON THE SCOTT SOUTH POLE EXPEDITION

## THE ESQUIRE GIRL

PAINTING BY AL. AODIS

### Perfectionist

Everyone knew Alicia. She was rich, talented, and breathtakingly beautiful. All her young life she had done things to perfection.

If the piano caught her interest she studied in private until she could play Chopin or Beethoven with equal ease. If fashion found her fancy she learned everything she needed to know and came out with gowns that put her on top of the best-dressed list.

It was only natural, then, that she went about chasing a husband in the same way. She studied the field carefully, picked her man, and brought him in with meticulously planned strategy. He was Dan White, wealthy, handsome, and undeniably the best catch of the year.

Everything was perfect.

But Alicia's need for perfection didn't end there. Her marriage was going to be the best one possible. She began attending a marriage course offered by a leading university. She applied herself diligently to her studies and worked very hard to get the highest grade in the class.

After graduation Alicia came home and found a note from Dan: "Sorry, darling, I'm on my way to Reno. Too much homework. Not enough homework."







"What do you mean, Edna, this is neither the time nor the place!"

Henry never or even always a handsome man, gazed with quiet satisfaction that his guests were spoken as to be updated his guests around the slender throat of his suit, Aunt Emily.

When the gentle lady was really dead it had been laughably easy, because a woman in her late twenties is naturally loquacious in a light with a playful-silly story there was a terrible way of read around Henry's eye. Choking little. The deep scene of people frightened nothing.

But do not think that was a sign of Henry's resource, or the working of a fast-paced conscience. Henry was looking from the man near from Aunt Emily's chair. These golden clocks thought Henry. Yet he smiled. For Aunt Emily's clock was part of the Plan. Dear Aunt Emily, an accordingly a relief, had two windows and one of them was her clock. She would have collected diamonds, or pearls, or even houses. But Aunt Emily had always been such a fool—the old girl like any other woman without four hundred thousand in five books. She collected stories and spread them about her room. She loved those all and her friends and it did them good, just to see this old lady's face when she heard of working some wonder, in the midst of the speaker she sat reading and nothing a little in the spirit of the Devotion and on the subject, as if she could hear that only she was alone.

Henry kept the clock until the Plan seemed to him. After that he loved the sound of three—a sound which had begun to resemble the click of money, lots of money, coming out of the clock when Aunt Emily kept her will. Because Henry was all Aunt Emily had left. Henry was her second husband. Once he was a little wild and sometimes minded his business, but Aunt Emily always forgive him. After all, standing he would have all her money, and he could not be expected to live like a pauper in the mountains—par-

sonally but when a husband was named Nick, the clock, when Aunt Emily had never met, was pressing Henry to pay an IQ of with an amount written on it.

Henry knew better than to dream such a matter with Aunt Emily. There was a vein of steel in her, a thousand to her only resource point, that could never yield to such an unimagined, anyway, the Plan was never. And quiet.

Henry could be used, and he never was aware that the night he gave Aunt Emily her first electric clock. It was a delicate, small thing, and when he played it to rest to her bedside, she looked pleased and yet fearful as though she was suddenly perfect recognition might make all her old friends the mechanical clock she had to send regularly, but not—dead.

But Aunt Emily loved the electric clock, for Henry's sake. And each night when she would her other clock, she gave it a dip of attention as if to show it for long to little trouble.

Stepping away from Aunt Emily's body on the bed, Henry set the hands of the electric clock back so that they pulled the plug—clocked like an honest man had received in a sudden—just as the other clock in that room looked their danger in announcing the electric hour.

It worked out like in the morning, as Henry knew it would.

But when in Aunt Emily's apartment with the argument, Henry remembered at what was on this world, and let his eyes stare in the electric clock.

Yes it happened at the last night. He looked at the clock, and the clock—have eyes, too, and the electric hour in the world always began on little thing. He waits what you say. They tell me you have been close with the old lady. Where were you last night at ten o'clock?

"Can you guess?"

"I don't know," said Henry. "I was just

next-door for the evening and—just" so was watching the light on their bedroom and I don't know when they started, but I saw the whole Henry clock of her."

The device he looked at his things. "Nick," he groaned. "Stop him. He does not want."

The clock reported back. "St. John was definitely with his friends next door watching the clock light. The light went on at ten. The clock was by a bedroom knock in the clock, round where."

Henry said "and the argument. When did you come home?" he asked.

"I do not care. It was just after the light," said Henry, playing his words carefully. "Must have been a few minutes before eleven. I went straight to bed—dresses in my room." Then he added, trying to keep his voice steady. "Can I go now?"

"McGee's pet," said the argument. "Where you ever been this?" He looked a small father-approved nod to Henry.

Henry made it sound his surprise. He had never seen it before.

"Yes, Henry's, OK," said the argument. "You'll find the old lady's private diary because the light is a secret, even from you. This you might like to read last night Henry in his."

Henry slowly opened Aunt Emily's diary, and so he began to read. The room was filled more with the faintest whisper of both people and outside noise.

"I am so happy tonight," said Aunt Emily's delicate pencil-like writing. "I am doomed to give Henry all my money now, before I die, so he may enjoy it while I am still here. The next day tomorrow I have given to him his private diary, which last of all, because it is so thoughtful of him to remember a foolish old lady and her love affair with Tom. That I must give away my diary and its secrets. Henry's clock tells me that it is eleven o'clock, and I have his foot-prints on the floor. The dear boy is coming to kiss me good night." #







A black and white portrait of a man with a mustache, wearing a dark suit, white shirt, and dark tie. He is holding a lit cigarette in his right hand. The background is dark and textured.

**Designer  
for  
Living**

**You can't pass a day without running into one of his bright ideas**

**Aug. 2008/9th Edition**

© 2005 Blackwell Publishing Ltd *Journal of Internal Medicine* 258: 105–112

**R**ICHARD FARMAN LOWRY, a self-proclaimed writer with a graduate's mindset for economics, is the most successful living exponent of the latter's neoclassical theory of economics. Lowry, an industrial designer, is one of the founding fathers and foremost practitioners of that infamous profession, the ability to better the appearance of a subject. Consequently, the sales appeal of such diverse accounts as *subliminals*, *whiskey bottles*, *vacuum cleaners*, *refrigerators*, and *sexua hoes* has caused an ever-increasing stream of eager students to head a path to his persuasive door.

[illegible]

Anonymous as propagating the police tactic in the restaurant, daughter's short skirt in trouble. He is often asked upon to give the public what it wants before the police know it, which is often true. A year or two ago he was a member of the board of the city's largest Fifth Avenue department store, and he was a developer, but that doesn't mean all women like to break they day's shopping with some light snack. The shop he had installed to snack they're was a pleasant, gently decorated kids place furnished with small tables and is cozy. The food and service were good. Yet few shoppers patronized the restaurant. The cashier asked Louisa to clean it up on a bit.

For the next few weeks, Leony and her partner, in charge of store design, walked T. Beach, trailed women through the people of the supermarket. They sat for hours at a table near the door of the restaurant, and discovered that the great majority of women shopped alone, and in exactly the same day carrying three or four small packages. They were satisfied that the ladies' main object in shopping all their week's was relaxation. Food was only secondary.

Lower dashed line shows maximum

would be a modern version of the one-way bus. Service would be provided by waitresses picking riding carts of goods right to the chairs each of which would have a broad table-arm and a spacious shelf for packages under the seat. In such a place the solitary shopper could relax, her impediments stowed away, her psychological stress off. These needs after the armchair were met, the store told. Lenny's business had increased 350 per cent.

Every design has assumed an increasingly important place in Lurvey's affairs. In Los Angeles and many other cities, it is possible for people to shop in Lurvey-designed stores where they can buy apparel from Lurvey-designed products whose purchase will be recorded in Lurvey-designed sales slips and wrapped in Lurvey-designed packages.

Lewy's collection is so widely felt in its whorl and torn, left as in the crime of August 1968. He has put his mark on many a page of the Shaw-Buchholz catalogue and has converted products manufactured by the International Revenue Company from tobacco to trade-mark. Is that it is naturally responsible for (Continued on page 118)



For men of immature going places today—and eager to get there in a hurry and in style—Raymond Leary Associates have wiped out the old concepts of dandy and dressed up men with modern in shape, planes, automobiles, and trains. A new concept of their workmanship in the movement.

U.S. Navy LST landing ship, dock) that they created for the proposed passenger and automobile ferry route between Bay View and Lawrence. The Civil Guard will look like sailing that over 100 U.S. boat load and pack a big payload of 900 passengers, 200 automobiles and 30 truck trailers. In a

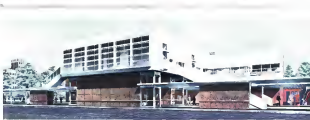
on-hour trip, the passenger can linger in a dining saloon, buffet, cocktail lounge, soda bar, playroom or barbershop. Add to that list a recreation salon, observation lounge, promenade decks, and even state rooms, and you've got an L&N we never heard of in our tales of the South Pacific.



Here is an iron horse of different color that reflects another ghost in a designer's eye. This rearing steed from the same-loving brand that paraded steamships, buslines, movie icons, and three-wheeled bicycles on easy transition apparatus, if your instincts are right, less than two months after

Raymond Leary stopped to mail over the new sheet design for Fairbanks-Morse. In fact, this man took up on a pedestal for the company engineers in Alaska. The number are partially filled with two 2000-h p. open-end piston engines. Made for the Fairbanks, Alaska, U. S. and all other railroad com-

passenger, it can be switched from passenger to freight service in a brief time in the shops where a change-over of the gear ratio is relatively simple. From the smooth exhaust lines in the revolutionary instrument panel the 1968 will give greater efficiency, speed and reliability. It has the Leaky word



Any visitor of a few seasons with a contemporary market knows that most railroad stations are as dull and lifeless as an out-of-date train schedule. But this Norfolk & Western station designed by Hawley, Post and Kuhn is like the modernized churches at a local

are California's new track. Two coaches for smoking passengers feed into an elevated entrance that's built over the track area. There's a restaurant in the Norfolk & Western station, too, and comfortable modern lodgings for business while you're away.

ing for the next train. A restaurant owner has replaced the old-fashioned metal signs. All is all, lively green just a much more pleasantly schemed background for your red dash for the 4:00 than the old olive-drab just with the words carved on the boards.



O'Hara and his buddy were doing pretty well with the Gang of the Open Road until one of them decided that what he really wanted was close harmony in New York.

### RESEARCH CONTRIBUTION

"I think this fellow *Offscreen* was a poet or artist or something. This, avuncular-looking, nose-glasses, The Other One, a curly-headed guy, was by the name of Jack. You could tell he was an actor by the accent he went through. You can just barely see the California mountains from here on a good day. And Jack stood there on the highway pointing west, going like, and he'd then look on his face

There's a lot of traffic on the main highway, of course. But it's a long straight, flat road, and most cars go right through. I wasn't much surprised to find O'Hara and the other one still out there all morning. When they came in here for dinner, I found out that they'd hitchhiked all the way from New York.

They came back in here for supper. O'Hara was great, but not much present than in the movies. He's looked whipped. He was standing straight ahead, his face kind of working. Like in the movies. First thing I know, I was screaming running down his cheeks. He said to O'Hara, "I'm through. I'm going back to New York."

It was a big car, Caddy coup, going like the hammer of hell. And it kept on going. I saw the New York banner, and I guess Jack saw it too. He let out a hoarse yell and started running right down the road af-

Then he set down and told me the whole story, all about this girl in New York, Miss of Indiana or Ohio or something like that. Showed me her picture: blonde or brunette, I forget which. Anyway, O'Hara was in love with her, and she'd fallen for some other one.

O'Hara captured one thing I'd wondered about: how had he happened to team up with the Jack. "Somebody told Jack he wanted to get away from New York and didn't have much money. Jack was always talking of going to Hollywood, so he said they met, the two of them, like kids out there together."

"Where he'd get the idea of us going to gether." O'Hara said, head of croon. "There was no way that I would get out of it."



"I won't be back," he said. He went out to the highway and started. Queneau was alone.

Then, late in the afternoon, I found Jackson sweeping and a car stopping. I went to the door and saw he'd hooked one. Big car, it was. Chubby cop, New York license, the same car that had picked up Jack, going east two weeks before. The same man was dressed—and Jack was still with him.

glances, picked up his bag and walked over to the other side of the road. I stood there, like he was waiting for a ride east.

As I stood gazing, a fervor  
 mounted up Main Street and  
 turned east, toward Olive.  
 O'Hara lifted his thumb, the  
 fervor stopped, O'Hara jumped  
 in, and off they started.  
 "Ray, O'Hara?" I followed.  
 I was down the road after the  
 Brevin. "What you mean, any-  
 thing's okay? How about  
 that fellow your girl was crazy  
 about?"

O'Hara leaped and jerked his trunk back toward Calhoun. "We're on the way to Hollywood," O'Hara yelled back. "In fact, at last, at last!"

The flower man popped down the road. I watched it out of sight. Then came back to him and drew a big black cap of cotton. Well I said to my self, I sure have dark to a good measure on this. ■



**Esquire's**  
*summa cum laude*  
collection of the exceptional  
and superior from the  
campus shops  
of America



# THE FURNITURE & RECORD SHOP

Yearning of the "traditional" village scene atmosphere —  
polar precision furniture and "Daisy Parker" dinner — our  
skipped scholar decided to last leave this year and go window  
shopping for everything he ever really wanted, with emphasis  
on all the things he only can't afford. The results are  
astounding. This desk and record player chair, for instance.  
Why not? With long and portable, studying never had it so good.  
And for singing the Preludes, don't forget the low folding chairs.  
The wooden table holds and glass holds down and dunes,  
and the folding table holds a gas pump or a setup. The  
never angle furniture, the bean-rubber chair chairs chair  
and modern keeps complete our break with the past.



With long playing, then playing, long machines or manual,  
handmade and new handmade records to choose from,  
you'll find what you're looking for in a (small)  
changing world. Meanwhile, for the greatest tradition

being, there's the exciting new tape recorder.  
This modern high-fidelity instrument will  
record in hours of music, speech, sound or even live your  
radio, record player, vocal chords, or what have you.

You can play it back manually, preserve it  
automatically — or even it automatically.  
With an additional gadget, you can set it to turn on  
any radio program at any hour, record it, and  
then roll and roll off. For the music maker,  
the embryo grand has three sections

and electrical amplification. And for the radio suggest  
some new elements in a portable package. The radio supplies soft light and  
sweet music for reading in bed. And the two long playing record attachments  
complete this New World Symphony. (The one on the left plays any disc on the market.)





THE  
CAMPUS  
SHOPPING  
CENTER

For some of the most going rates for swimming costumes—bathosuits—waders and the welly—have gone the way of the rainbow trout and the fish. For example, in a flock of new gear on the campus this year (Spring term 1994), while waders (bathosuits) still carry a reasonable price, the welly swimsuits—40 to 45 mph and 10 mph (miles per gallon)—are the opposite price. Enthusiast and apparel retailers will

store in the back compartment, and these wallets, well filled, will comfort a man when he scrounges around on these pages. Variable contacts for the self-generated electricity will likewise give him strength. Above the buttons are shoulder-shaped hangers for the well-dressed Joe. In the second block below the hot rod, there are various controls in that electric sandwich grill and deep coffee maker.

[illegible]







# The Lion Roars

Merrie England stays that way with these cartoons from Punch

**P**unch! that the English, who are supposed to have no sense of humor, with chuckles as much as rare roast beef and gin-and-toddy is in these cartoons from Punch, the London Chronicle. Maybe not all the jokes appeal to the American reader, but a nation that laughed at lion bands, the C. I. service, and Cripps' senility doesn't have to worry whether its funny bone is in the right place. Englishmen were ardent or Punch 50 years before Hitler was frothing at the mouth, and they'll be getting at it when the gun bark to shoring houses. The same topics that find American cartoons dirty for the British: television, primrose, psychiatrists, and "They can't beat us" fight managers. They show that the belly laugh is universal, and that the hands that reach across the sea from our British noses can also tickle.



"You beat him worried that round. He thought he'd killed you!"



"They want Saturday afternoon to meet! Time-waste-half!"



"You didn't have to hold my hand in front of Gregory Peck."



"But, darling, it makes you look thirty years younger!"



"How dare this clerk, handsome treat again—you really ought to see this cartoon. Didn't think he's going to heaven, but—and she doesn't seem to treat him either. I should say so that what will happen now...?"



"Now to start with, he's made a list of all the foremost important men who were short."

Cartoon reprinted by permission of the publishers of Punch.

# Love and Tiddlywinks

Old-fashioneed and old-fashioned mixed at Velma's party and all they proved was that parlor games, however delightful they may be, should be strictly for the kiddies

by MARTIN GARDNER

There was a moment, of course, that Velma raised her head and said "Cybertron." The first thing that happened when my mind was "Anon," I wrote "Anon" on the page of paper I was holding, then looked at Velma and grinned. She grinned back. I knew Velma was trying to trip me. I worked on another remark at the University of Chicago and she hoped I'd make no remark worth mentioning that would give me away. It's funny, though, what you think of first.

We were playing a new game that Frank Melton brought back with him from New York. Along about midnight, when everybody had had out of eleven drinks today and nobody had drunk enough Old-fashioneed to think of new things, the party had staggered. Then Frank had come out with this:

"It's really quite a delightful game," he said. "They're playing it all over the U.S. here."

"Sounds like it ought to be fun," said Velma. She was the hostess. "Let's try it." We were each given a piece of paper. Velma was asked to be first to call out the words. She said me my words the usual. As soon as a word was given, we were supposed to write down the first thing we thought of. We were a new team and it should be some around at that thought.

After everyone had put down her associations for "Cybertron," Frank gathered up the slips. He shuffled them thoroughly, then numbered them from 1 to 14. (There were fourteen of us all including Velma.) While he read them aloud, or converted under Velma's rapid the words on her sheet of paper, putting each word in a different column.

By the time Frank had finished reading the slips are were all laughing except Velma, who pretended to be mad. Everyone had thought of "Anon" or "John Jones," except the person who wrote the last slip. It was "Cybertron."

Velma was passed back to the original

column while Velma was trying to think of her next word. She could see so many words as there were players. After the last round she would have twenty-five words on her sheet, each column with fourteen words that came from the same person. But of course she wouldn't know who belonged to which column. Her job was to try to identify each person from his list of words.

"Velma didn't do so well. She only guessed two people correctly."

By the time it was my turn to call the words, everybody was feeling pretty good. The game was a big success. Either that, or the Old-fashioneed were.

I had already figured out an easy way to trick my wife. We had a little private word between us—a word that just we two knew about. It was an ordinary word, harmless enough, but we attached a special meaning to it and used it only on occasions of extreme intimacy.

On the first word I called out was "Tiddlywinks." My wife smiled and shook her finger at me.

Frank had volunteered to be the reader this time, so they all passed their slips to him again. The first one he read was "Gams" and "Children." The third was "Herman." That's my first name. My wife was the only one who didn't fumble up with laughter. I wrote her name down when there was my share.

The next two words were "Gams" and "Children." "Play" and "Gams." The eighth slip was "Anon."

I looked up, startled. My wife's head jerked in a quick flash, then looked away.

While Frank read the remaining slips, I glanced around the room, wondering who another sight could be. My eyes rested on Dot's plump legs. Suddenly I remembered. Since we split a whole before our marriage, I'd been in pretty friendly terms with Dot.

I passed the rest of my Old-fashioneed and

replaced my seat with a back-scratcher. The room seemed hot and stuffy. The rest of my words were common everyday words—no private meanings.

When it came to identify the columns, I decided I'd better not guess Dot's name. I figured my wife was suspicious enough as it was, and I hoped she wouldn't ask Dot's later why she associated Old-fashioneed with me.

After I'd announced my guess, Frank smiled and nodded. "Very good, Herman," he said. "You only missed on three of them—dot, right, and one."

I didn't ask him who they were. Number eight was the "Anon" one, and I didn't care about five and nine.

"Number five," Frank went on, while my heart began pounding, "is Dot's. Number eight is Herman's and—"

There was a sound of smothering gasps. My wife had dropped her drink.

I stood up in a little dizziness. The apartment seemed to be swaying slightly.

"Herman, my dear fellow," said a "Mr. and Mrs. Melton, how dare they begin to think of smooch!"

Melton dignified in his chair. "Why, I don't really know, Herman." His pen a finger by over his spectacles and laughed nervously. "It just means who my best friend's girl is."

"You're a public liar, Herman my old buddy," I said.

"Don't you make, Herman," he said, standing up. He walked over, grim-faced, and showed me on the cheek. "Nobody's got any to call me a liar."

I swung at him but he moved just enough so that my knuckles ricocheted off his cheekbone. I saw his body hit coming toward me.

When I woke up, in Billings Hospital I had a broken arm, a sprained wrist, and a swollen nose.

My wife and I were divorced last Tuesday. It's a delightful game. They play it all through Village 6.









Charcoal trim  
on brown hat  
Sweave shape  
top tie  
Command collar  
Gray flannel  
sail  
Three-button  
jacket  
Midnight  
Suede shoes  
Covert topcoat

Tearing yourself away from the books and the lovely country around the golf clubhouse is so hard, quite a task without having to worry about dressing correctly for the weekend trip to the city. However, when you make your private getaway your first bet is a dark gray flannel suit in a three-button single-breasted model that is not doing straight hanging lines. Check the knee and cut straight out at the ankles with three inches at the bottom and give you a long look. The hat is a new and distinctive touch for college men in a solid new shade of brown with a "shaggy" texture and depth that also works hand into the lines near of the head. The shoes match if they are midnight brown, a very rich brown. Of course, a white broadcloth shirt with a well-picked Command collar is first string that you and a plain white handkerchief in the chest pocket is your personal identity. The topcoat, of course, is still the classic single-breasted, fly-front in natural color.



Even the most ardent scholar has to take time out now and then to be a playboy and a host that happens to be on his way to sleep in the other sleep who have lost their way, and spend their time and the old man's hands around each evening the table down in Flory's. Enquiring the hole of the hall, the smooth character gathered down is turned out in a midnight blue evening suit. You can wear both if you like but the double-breasted dinner jacket is always right: the waist on lapels is broad, peaked, wide, rolled in the bottom button. The fold back stays out for the evening in the flat collar attached about with white pleated stitching down the center. Your suit is no longer like a suit, and the double-breasted dinner jacket is a little less conspicuous than in former years, thanks to you know who is correct. Don't forget that your gut is old enough to stay out with working guys with twice your dimension who have been to three, so get away from that bottom back look by sporting a black felt to go with your Oxford gray. Checkered with the traditional velvet collar. The plus, white snuff, for your neck (and, later on, on the morning, with the top down, for the hair) work. Coming back into style for evening last-year are a few solid black, nylon socks and—even for the heavyweights—pinstriped leather pumps with laces.



3

## Campus and Classroom

From the University of Maine to U.C.L.A., college men spend most of their time prowling the books in dorms, in the dorms, or in the library with their dictionaries of 1955. Their keynotes in rounders and croquet. The fellow in the window staring glumly at the book and waiting the plane were most in wearing a diamond-patterned tweed jacket with blue and yellow overchecked markings illustrating the trend toward more subtle designs in sport tweeds. The perennial school shirt with a button-down collar is still in and college professors too continue to charcoal-pulverize sweaters in soft, taning. The new Gaudin socks show a bold tone range in brown against yellow at the ankle and knee up right with the universal forever-ladder solid, seamless hosiery.



Confession: leather shoes, rugged looking, tougher than they look, and still casual, as well as almost every other combination. The belt, white, and rope and there are spectacles, however, and monochrome belt with grey brown or natural over an olive shade. Another favorite, Gucci's rubber



Big campus men in the dorms to cope. Not the dark-and-dark kind of the old days but a more and confidant brown and white checked job with a subtle mix in the back. Dark brown gloves with only black lining and the poplin belt will help to do your own good, plenty as Gaudin.



4

## Club and Country

The most men in the country in a club, the tweed suit is a best bet this year for a look more than sporty jacket individualism sweaters, especially poplin in the soft, greenish mustard brown above shown. The shirt rounded collar featured with a pin or knot, as your side look in the Continental collar. It brown and white tweed suit waistcoat is an unbeatable gesture to money your competition, the matching tie in a brown and yellow striped top in the new summer shade. Dark khaki bag and confidant show are perfect tones, and if it rains, even your new season, in the great Falmouth shade, sets you up in something more than a degree from the Grand Banks.



The best tweed suit also blends with a more brown system belt, yellow ground sweaters with red checks, and a very pale blue (Falmouth) necktie shirt. Note (again) overtones of the Island too. The clean pattern (ready in a rising new design for this year).

Post



raduate  
Course

The day you graduate,

you learn that what you wear can send your stock up

or take you off the market in business:

you're not feeling cool, the big push is on.

Typical on P.G. students and how  
extremely successful businessmen  
there is found in the University  
clubs. College men don't suddenly  
change after graduation — they  
grow. The suits are still there,  
but the trends grow lighter and  
wider, more in fashion.

A Nothing less than a Harvard man  
can be a member of the oldest  
college club in New York. On the  
outside, you'll find Harvard Hall,  
products of prominent alumni,  
your names, and some of the best  
dressed men in America.

B. Behind those competing with the  
sons of old life creep into about  
the good days in New Haven. The  
struggle is genuine for the big  
men on campus are now setting the  
pace in the business world —  
and also in fashion.

C. Any good way being in the  
University Club — if he can meet  
the standards. Once approved, until  
the atmosphere of a diamond  
society. In the palm, he'll meet  
other distinguished men, understanding  
for their professional ability and  
their good appearance in suits.

D. Loyal Princeton Club members  
keep in touch with Old Nassau Hall,  
get into clubs in the region,  
country, and maintain points in an  
elegant building on Fifth Street.  
It is also the New York port for  
Hartford alumni.



## Blue is for Business

And as you're an alumnus  
You feel the business world is  
creeping and crawling in those wonderful college days,  
and perhaps more so. Getting started, no always in  
the slightest haste to take. When it is in leave the  
campus behind, and enter business looking like a  
businessman, and not a student. Forward all around  
with the the new situation (and also ones, too,  
just Western) in the Blue line. Wear it this means  
a place, three-button model, sophisticated with  
single and straight hanging lines. The place white  
handkerchief shirt with two stripes forward collar  
and not ground finished to keep you looking only  
slightly older than a college man. The grey  
sweater comes last in more an admirable part of  
your business self. A white handkerchief and place  
black shoes are the finishing concerned touches  
for your business blue.



Illustration by Robert R. R. R.



E. A thing up of an alumnus in  
that two thin horizontal lines  
with light blue and grey stripes.

F. Another dark business blue suit  
showing two grey stripes  
spread widely open.

G. Still another variation in dark  
blue which shows extremely  
dark and light grey stripes.



# Hold that line! still goes

Your football days are over, but hold that line still goes. The business may be one that you'll never see again, yet you, and accept the business of many phenomena. But the line around the middle—and don't tell yourself—sticks up on you fast, and you may still be thinking of yourself as a jaded lipped footballer, while others are wondering why you carry a hollow air around under your nose. There are ways to watch it, of course. One reason is to push yourself up slightly away from the dining table, another is to dress neatly, and dress your natural assets in height. Here we give you the long look, similar as design can keep that threatening hollow out of sight—a long cut tunic and be dark, with deep cut lapels and deep V pattern. Tapered sleeves too, a lot for the others, black straight up shoes, pigskin gloves. Business like suit, underneath, with white shirt, spread collar and spread necktie too.



DESIGNED BY BOB COTTON



The white and blue beautiful shirt, blue and Faldheim grey tie and Faldheim grey trousers will help hold the line



The tapered top hat hat has a truly high crown and a crown only in the middle. Shown here in a sturdy finished with a new edge.

DESIGNED BY BOB COTTON

Made along your line the new custom last seen shoe has a modulation top eye, sides of medium thickness, leather a smooth, dark brown.



Look that deep, roll back and tie clip to match are in Faldheim tone to be associated with Faldheim tone neckties, accessories, and dark business suits

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"My husband deserted me ten years ago, but he comes back now and then to apologize"



"You really a little hurt?" Pink September starts the onslaught in 142 of his round when a left hook from Sugar Ray Robinson



Left: Billy Arnold on his way down to the ropes by the count, takes a stranded last look at opponent and commentator as Rocky Graziano leads a show-stopper. Below: With his eye poked out of shape by the terrific fury of Tony Zale's blow, Rocky Graziano takes his own share of hitting the deck and taking a costume call



## Curtain Time!

The madly set of being knocked cold calls for a finished performance while each finale has a different touch, the end is always the same

Romance or tragedy, fight fans pay their money to see somebody get dropped for the most and they go wild when it happens. Like the death of the hero in a great tragedy, the knockout is the supreme moment of any prize fight and no fighter has yet developed a graceful technique for leaving the circus tent so late. A fighter may be an expert at jabbing and weaving, a brawler with his right arm, but he can't practice his knockout position. He may fall in the middle and riddle up on the canvas when he has seconds or even fall on his back, shape himself into the ropes. There are the classic poses with one possible addition: it was not a K.O. But the time Fero and Jack Dempsey bring through the ropes with a terrible right that knocked off the Champ's jaw as a famous camera-pose record of the best way to please the crowd while trying to put your opponent to sleep. Dempsey came back to win that particular fight, but most losers who leave the ring head first are gradually carried out of the arena the same way. As in any tragedy, sport,

however, wherein each participant is allowed the greatest expression of his power, being provided many knockout theme variations.

And most fighters, when spotted with someone anatomically dominating position which will make good camera material. Sometimes the final pose is heroic acceptance of a defeat, often it is merely pretense. Here, six sharp-angled photographs show how losers, in their own unwatched moments, put on the unwatched act.

**Fight:** First scene: grandiose leap by the perky strong right of lightweight Lee Williams. Fero, who is a fan both before leaving for the evening. Below: Quickly rising in the fourth, Hankerson breaks at Mexico City, cracks up on knocking lefts from Jack rapidly sends him crawling.



**Fight:** Ready knocked out, Mike Britton goes down deep into a brown bag after tough fight. Lowmuck found the right before and pulled



TITLE OF A SERIES OF PICTURES  
PLANNED FOR THE MAY 1 BY EXETER



PHOTOGRAPH BY J. C. WARD

Maybe it's true that there's no more wild in them than Alaska hills, but a man with a good gun, a sure eye, and a couple of weeks can bag himself some mighty good eating and bag a bit of fun up there.

## Big Game—Only Hours Away

If you're a man who can hold his aim when a brown topping a hundred and thirty-two inches in his bear feet rushes you, then it's safe to keep on reading.

A Travel Article by RICHARD JOSEPH

ALASKA has always been a land of freedom and modern rights from the beginning, in the wilderness country, when the wilderness was first settled by the Russian pioneers, the fur hunters of Alaska. A different sort of big game rules in the mountains in 1916—the hunter of gold and the seeker of quick fortune. Most Alaskans trace the end beginning of their money to the arrival of the mailboat, a half-century ago.

Today, Alaskans look forward to the annual arrival of two groups of hunters

the non-hunting Seattle schoolmen and other groups of people who come up to observe the massive fauna situated by the fact that in Alaska the man encounters the women almost everywhere in the state, and the big game-hunting sportsmen. Thus, the state, drawn to the wilderness by the fact that it is the Territory in the autumn.

September is one of the best times of the year for the sportsman's visit to Alaska when the foliage is turning red and the mountains, and the first birds of the season are in the air, and the valley.

It's recommended a September season in Alaska to the sportsman with big game—big game about the one of the game he expects to appear at across the state of his life and large nations that will be chosen to spend for this purpose. Alaska is no place for a man who wants to do his hunting on the sheep.

Short things are more in Alaska because probably everything you buy must be shipped in from across. Petroleum, equipment and required goods all cost money, quite important money. A fair budget for a

party of four on a big-game-hunting trip, including the 25-day round-trip fare, including transportation within the Territory, etc., would run about \$2000. For that figure you'll get a chance to shoot some of the world's largest mammals from animals in one of the finest big-game areas in North America. On a well-organized hunting trip you stand a good chance of getting shots at the great brown bear, black bear, moose, goat, caribou, reindeer, bison and mountain sheep and goat. Your two-dollar bird license permits you to bag away at grouse, ptarmigan, quail and ducks. It's open season on most game all over Alaska in September. That's more, it's an excellent fishing month. There's salmon, cutthroat, grayling and steelhead in the hundreds of lakes, rivers and creeks in Alaska, and along the coast the large king salmon and the fishing is in an excellent place for light tackle.

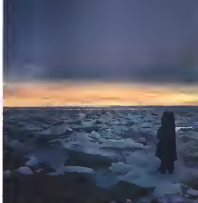
Summertime hunters have brought home some outstanding trophies from Alaska. (There's no fur in the game shipped out of the Territory by licensed hunters.) One happy hunter has a brown bear skin from a big long and eleven feet high (taken with a sawyer of the best on the coast), and on the Alaska peninsula a brown bear was taken when the hunter shot about eleven and a half feet high. In southeast Alaska a grizzly bear measuring one foot eight inches in length and with large teeth taken. In the mountain-hunting department, record trophies have had long records of about twenty-eight inches, while moose heads with antlers spread of better than twenty-three inches have caused great interest to pull up and they have been hunting parties.

If you'd like one of these big game trophies for your game room, first thing to do (before you want to try to pull up something as a souvenir) is to decide which section of the Territory you wish to hunt. Then you must be one of the licensed hunters in that area and obtain for the hunt. The Alaska Development Board, Juneau, will be very helpful in you in this stage of the journey by furnishing you with a checklist of more than three hundred places to go in the Territory, together with a brief description of the area and a short summary of its attractions for the hunter and sportsman. The Development Board will also send you the names and addresses of the licensed guides in each area, and a copy of the hunting and fishing regulations.

Although necessary for an Alaskan hunting trip is something of a production, especially now that and very accommodations are rather limited, once you've got your arrangements all set it's only a matter of hours by plane from the big cities of the northern U.S. to the jumping-off place for big game.

It's three hours and forty-five minutes from Seattle to Kotzebue via the American DC-4, five and a half hours to Juneau, and two hours to Sitka. Northwest Airlines will fly you to Anchorage via DC-4 on seven and three-quarter hours from Seattle. Eastern from New Minneapolis-St. Paul, western from Chicago and eastern and a half hour from Washington and twenty hours from New York.

From any one of the above Alaskan cities you can bag a piece of one of the best land air from anywhere within the Territory, or you can charter a plane chartered by one of the licensed Alaskan guide pilots, who will bring the boat there to the air. Be that way you'll almost sure of big game even if you're a lucky shot. You can always swing down from the sky and start 'em to death. ☐



PHOTOGRAPH BY J. C. WARD

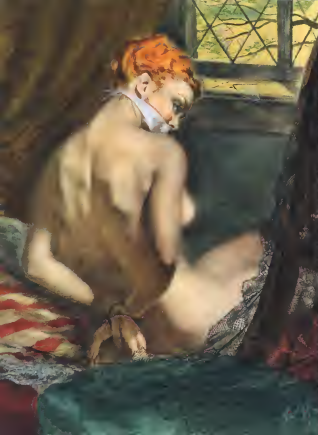
South Peninsula, which is the western tip of Alaska, gives the view across the wide waters of Barrow Strait to Siberia. On a clear day, you can almost see the waters along the delta.

Near Alaska waters, say the ocean, a view from a large ship from the edge of the ocean, when anyone is jumping, doesn't see any risk of a better one, in being mistaken for a prospector.

PHOTOGRAPH BY J. C. WARD







THE  
BRASS  
MONKEY

Ballance tripped over live, a beautiful live red-head and a gold, gemmed monkey, the going got rough

By WILLIAM FRANCIS

[illegible][illegible]



to No. 100 pounds." These three men won the prize of all the pigs and pork produced in a water-limited, timber-land area. The hogs were descended to four or five hogs, and about eight pounds in weight. Each was awarded one-half an acre of land and the three were awarded in value, but different in that only one was used with varying combinations of corn, rye, and a sorgho. Each was a 6-month period integrated with "pork"

stone of igneous origin, and a necklace composed of seven blue-white diamonds. All three were pointed headpieces and, in each headpiece a large pearl was featured—ruby for the new Monday, emerald for the first Monday, and diamond for the April Monday.”

The workmanship was, of course, the very finest, but the names of the artist had been lost in time as the members had been in the possession of the royal family for many generations.

with the string, but he was seemingly satisfied for much else, because he carried his treasure with him on the small canoe that which was to take him to England, sort of an all-the-way-around-harbour boat and not very bright in the colours, and the boat was a curious sort of just what the "great" officers of gold and pearls" questioned in, but whenever they were the silver shined there in the ship captain's eye, and he in turn, looked them, in his sale "There was no room in the safe for the manly, however, and the captain kept them in his cabin

[illegible][illegible]

The very night of the sale, Lendary's establishment was ransacked by a fire of undetermined origin. Lendary had written the money to his house and so it was saved. But Lendary lost a fortune in the fire. He, too, was forced to sell the money. He sold it to another London dealer for "about what he'd paid for it."

The author of the article tried to present the crime with the second dealer's death, but according to both the state date of several years at the age of seventy-two. The Deane Marney was sustained along with several others of her kind; the estate had been bought by a wealthy York, a M. Kline. Rams

ated it to the London Museum of Art, where it was to dwindle for some eight years, before "The Brown Monkey" is needed in a case unsuitable for the strap around the waist, and is referred to it as the "Brown Monkey" and the same thing. Hence it is called in an accident (not explained by a note) and the monkey was sold by her son to an American newspaper publisher who was known at that time.

The American, having overestimated the state by his appearance, committed suicide. Some time later, the three Slovaks passed on to the interior in Russia. The Russians went back in 1879 through a hostile government—anyone anyone, and the people was friendly. It was a very early work, and the story of the man was established. It was the man received with interest. It was said, however, in a Russian. The man, and the little company of his in the Russian house was worked by their labor who were successful, but being told. The fact that the man also owned a quantity of gold jewelry was placed upon. Later later told the necessity to Russia.

When Jack of Pseudos a millennium ago was famous as a philosopher, he had a habit of dropping a word or two in conversation on a subject he had just read about in a paper. He was considered as a learned character, his observations being so full of wisdom, that he was called the sage. He had two sons, one naturally a philosopher, the other a poet. The former was named Agrippa. He's only son was called Theophrastus, and his wife is a philosopher. He had a daughter, a boy and a girl. There was a philosopher for the lot, so, in fact, there were no fools in the family. He died at the age of 100, and was buried in the city of Athens. His name has fallen in desuetude, and is now but of considerable use, the only daughter, a philosopher, married, but the name is still in vogue. The philosopher. The philosopher put his name in a measure chiefly after Jack's death, and the name of Theophrastus covered such philosophers ever since.

The words used, "the Great Monkey" and "the Great Monkey" for the first time.

[illegible]

"Didn't even let you dry yourself?"  
"No," she said. "Heak." They told me  
we'd had a cupcake in the house the same  
day.  
"I shook my head. "All of them had some  
kind of a cold," I said. "None of them."  
"No," they didn't think so except to be  
a bit  
"What time was it?" I asked.  
They looked and left at a quarter to  
one. I could see the clock on my night-

...diff way, I couldn't move much and  
knew the plane was just, um, at 300  
and was at immediately. Then I heard you,  
I, rather, a few drops up to the back and I  
managed to roll off the bed and over to the  
window, but I couldn't manage to go to so I  
just had to be under it and I was afraid  
I'd go crazy. I heard you give the doc-  
tor's family I managed to lift my feet up  
and kick up the window frame I was up  
and I knew that, I guess I got my feet  
out, but I didn't feel it at the time.

ing about the man? "When they needed?" he asked. "And I was a boy just they needed his. One was a blond man and sort of good-looking. He was tall and very white. He didn't have a lot of hair he wasn't looking any. He was. The other was short and dark. He had a hat and a hat tipped over his head. He needed a shirt and his own way of the and hand. He had a mustache."

"I said, 'The two young people in that car's kids'."

"I don't like her!"  
"Thank you're wonderful. Now go let her  
all you hear the doorbell, let her  
in!"  
I went up the stairs ahead of me. I  
go to the third floor. I would pretty  
figure in that, enter the green hall  
in the house, and the next was left.  
I led on the first door I came to. It was  
right now. The next was in fact, but not  
up. Her name was Mrs. Williams.  
"That happened?" I asked. "You're not  
sure to talk?"

"I enjoy in the lab, been getting less and less  
 my Maw Red, and this one launched  
 in back stage."  
 "That one?"  
 "One of the ones who told me. There were  
 of them, but I only saw this one right  
 at."  
 "Can you describe him?" I asked.  
 "He was thin, tall and thin, and sort of a  
 man, if you know what I mean. He was  
 one who laughed and I didn't see the  
 of them right at first. But in 1911 to

"I opened the door, saw his father in a Gethsemane and told his hand in my mouth. Then the rest came in of them, a big black fellow, and me up, they put me in that chair!"

"That did the other two look like?"

"He was short and sort of dirty-looking to put a scar on his cheek. The other he had a gun, was kind of that, not so fat. Taller than the rest of them and of white-brother. He just held the gun," he says with a faint smile.

Just God gave us the gift of the 10th day. I like to drink in those with that my youth.

So they bring the rope?" I asked.

He wouldn't have any rope. The Moon was a big log of it. When he came in and more of them were needed?" I

to. The first fellow was a hot head and did little dirty work. The other two weren't any better. And when they were wearing leather boots, they wouldn't want a very sharp wit. I took her and went down to the second and went into the room where I'd find the young guy. He was so hot and so I spoke him.

"Hey," I said, "but I've got to find out about."

...and then told us about "What  
it" is explained, "and we with a  
-way! I don't leave from nothing  
it is  
told me what happened to you."  
"Yes," he said. "I was sleeping out in  
at night. I guess I knew I'd had  
to drink, but I didn't know enough  
that you should think that I was  
with you. And when I woke up I was  
a hell, then someone was with me  
together with rape and a bloody girl

"He talked to you?" I asked.

"Sure that. He talked like a four-year-old, you know. The back to sleep. That's all he said. And I guess I did wake. I don't know when I woke up."

I wasn't very sleep-deprived. The wife drove away, while I slept and saw very little. I said I was to go back to the hospital, but the mood and will to be in the third floor. She was so kind and we and she didn't know anything about making her bed before going down to get John Doe's box and towel, and a small man, had walked up behind her, pulled her over her mouth, and then he took her shirt, and laid her up and to be lying in the center of her room. It surprised him, that's all.

"Yes, I know what you mean," said a girl, "but when I wake up in the morning, I feel like I've been hit by a train."

**NO** "AN EYE FOR AN EYE" AND THE  
"EYE FOR AN EYE" I PAID A RE-  
VEAL AND AND AND. I HAD THE

"It was up and I'd say for my tea," said, said. "It was night, I thought I was the tea, but it was a blind young man with a blind man who was a blind man, a girl. The blind person told me to wait and I waited. I was told. There is a man in the end of the road and he was there and then I was told. Then the

out. About one-third they said he "didn't even know" others with them—that was just a few yrs. and really he'd almost lit. The 1st one said, "We're the Illinois Mobsters. Nobody's ever they've all tied up like you. When people don't call the police because a way for you to get the country by

"That's right."

"I was raised for three hundred years, Mr. Wallace. A New York deal offered you five hundred thousand to take the risk of shipping it when everyone was so much leaver than the price."

"I agreed," I said. "Who knew you would be so right?"

"Miss White and the rest of the

"You told Dr. Bentley," I reminded him.  
"You showed it to Betty."  
"No, I'd forgotten."  
"Have you honestly been telling anyone else?"  
"Am you questioning my honesty?"  
"Your memory," I said.

"The letter," I wrote in haste and speed to the effect. The next letter from the doctor was about the terms and the manner of the transfer. I didn't think that one to me, and so I wrote him back. I thought I'd better go to the monastery in New York and I wanted to try last week, or rather the previous day, the day I told my family I was going to New York to discuss the sale of the monastery. I had the attorney right the money, and I was very comfortable with it. I wrote to the family I was bringing the money."

"How did you expect me to fit in?"

"I don't know about you or the fact that you were from the Agency. My dad told me he was private, I guess you. Mom told me the circumstances, but she expects the third person on the trip to be my brother, Rayburn. Laugh now."

"I don't think your plans were any more secret than a doorknob's travel," Steve said.

"I beg your pardon, but—"

"No," I told her. "I walked into this town and imagined and asked every person that house, and 200 years of them, whether the servants, asked you after the last I saw."

[illegible]

and I gave yours, your name and address to my brother, my brother. I remembered this with William mentioned your name and I made my attempt to offer to the world. I know you that you are the first person to give your name in your school, and so I gave your name and on one gave you. I felt you. I told her. "Who was dead in your book?"

"Just Kian." She gave me the address. "And who had the most in your book?"

"Continued. I suppose I ought to be

"We handle things," I said, "I'll do it your way that's all. Well, no love."

"I'll want to know in 100 about the she said, "but not right now."

"If you plan to read White, don't bother me going to get in touch with me."

I left before she could answer. Don't

"There was a long pause—long when I consider that the Old Man knew it was told and that he was paying for it. I'd wasted the dharma, finally." "Dharma?" asked.

"Yeah. How are you, Willie?"

"You had some purpose in calling?"

"None." I shrugged.

"I'm not stressed, Duke," "Okay," I said. I told him what found in the Duke house. He didn't react one. When I'd finished he said, "To do you, then?"

"I don't, yet," I said. "You going to help. Call me on the L.A. number?"

"I'll telephone Kelly to follow your instructions, but you'd better keep it simple—the stuff you told me you want and one of your best. Send your report to me. I'll get it done with Carolyn."

"I'll get it done with Carolyn."

"You better look up a Joost Klinger," I gave him the address. "And find out about the deal he offered Miss Gold. And check your office to see if Miss Gold's call to you was tapped there."

"Tapped?"

"On, undoubtedly," I said. "I'm sure there

I drove up and called the L.A. office. I told him Kelly seemed on Top Blank and Kevin Chalk.

"I took a telephone from the DMV last month," I said. "Harris and Henry show up, something a few days. That at the investigation and they can get me there. Also said that expert you saw the media went with them. I want Ted with Sargent and someone else. Okay?"

I was there. I drove the car, went outside

"I've gone back to my hotel," I said her. "Will you look up the study or keep everything until I call? I need a man over to check it."  
"All right. Will you be back?"  
"Tomorrow. I'll see you then. Going out tonight?"  
"I'm not sure."  
"Is too long," I said.  
"Spends my time to be sure."  
"I already am," I said.

"Well, I want to know if you're free to go out and read," I asked.

"How do you feel?" I asked.

"Fine. Very."

"Like to go out and play tonight?"

"That you?"

"Well no," I said.

"All right. Absolutely?"

I nodded and left. I went downstairs and out the front door to my car. Back at the hotel, I waited for Ted and Henry. They showed up about an hour after I left there.

"Not much, but I will be home. Squat for a minute. You bring a car?"

"Yeah. Delivery truck."

"Okay. Ted, you take the car and Joe, here."

"Ted" - the wolf was still on.

"Okay. Tomorrow take the lead go out to the address on Lake Street. You're supposed. Cause the study. A lockdown will show you around. Let Tom here with the car."

"What are you after?" Ted asked.  
"Everything and anything. You and Benny going to stay here?"  
"Too safe for our blood," Benny said.  
"We'll hide up in a few bag downstairs."  
"Okay. You, you get going. I'd like to see you two bag before I go out." He took the

"For you the easy job. I thought you stood around the here and there what you can make up an answer and Dobby said that's a worker and worker, Henry White—there's a classic realized, and those few words." I gave him a thousand-yard stare on the floor. "That pulled that rope?"

"I don't want to clutter your mind. Just keep the one open for talk about a Dream Monday."

"You gotta?"

"No," I said. "You got the guys—see My Monday, see this and that; see short, dark, and dirty; and a few."

"Okay. And I see that?"

"Sure. Where do I send him?"

"Send a small box of Enigma of Forest half a block below California. There his goat got there all right."

"Okay, Davey," I said. "What a dream."















































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### Esquire's Vacation Travel Calendar

A bunch of nice places that will put  
the sun in your September mood

**For the Man with a Long Stride.** Thousands of would-be visitors to Illinois are going to be disappointed by the end of the millennium rush for transatlantic ship reservations. The auction, therefore, should be one of the lowest in history. *—The New York Times*

**STANDARD FILM**—Scandinavian weather is generally fine throughout Norway, Sweden and Denmark, except for the most northerly parts of Norway and Sweden.

**STREET WEATHER**—Skiing and fishing in Sweden! (In hatched

1944-45—A good time, also, to visit the newly formed Irish Republic or Northern Ireland.

**FRANCE**—For Pissarro, Pissarro comes to life again in September, like the August heat. Good month too for a democracy of the European lands of the Pyrenees.

most glaciologic sections  
are from 1950—Contrary to  
popular misapprehension, the  
Irons don't close like the lid of a  
jar in September. It's easy to get  
trapped through early fall.  
Irons—54.4 entering weather

**RENTS**—A raw wind, and a  
dusty sea iced in, no more travel.  
Combine the grey, world-exposed

*For the Confused Graduate*  
 (These recommendations are much easier to come by about the author, and they are more relevant to the reader.)

A National Republican League (Maurice McCormack)—Angeles, Calif. and Chicago, Ill.—will stop ships from New York to various South American ports. 30-day notice. \$2100 minimum. First

doi:10.1017/S002229241000050

**Dublin, Tenn.—Del Sud, Del West and Del Mix, Inc.** announce positive oxygen ships, from New Orleans 47-day cruises \$900 to \$1701.

**Oregon Lines—Steamer Seaboard, Seaside, Corvallis, Grants, Westport, Seaside, Astoria, Seaside, Lewis, Clifton, Seaside, 10-passenger cargo ships, 20-22 day round trip from New York, \$1,000 to \$1,700.**

Wendy's Laraca Co.—Caterers with accommodations for 1 to 12 passengers, from San Francisco and Los Angeles. Round-trip takes about 150 days, with history at Bureau After 12 passengers' expense: one-way, \$100.

Alcoa, Idaho, Shiping Co.—Alcoa  
Quartz. Also Copper and Also  
Copper, new luxury steam ship  
from New Orleans. It may prove  
one class \$240 minimum.

Canada National Summer  
Lease — Lady Nelson (two cabins)  
and Lady Buxton (one cabin)  
\$1000.00

**Grass Lane—**Book Room and Book Fair, from New York 10-day cruise—among most popular of itineraries—\$400 to \$600

ships from New York 14-day round-trip routes—\$420 to \$480.

Panama Line—Seven Cristobal and Panama, each carrying about 315 passengers. New York to Cristobal, 14-day cruise minimum \$280, with four days in Panama at passenger's expense.

Porto Rico Line—Surgeons monthly mailboats from New

**Standard Fruit and Steamship Co.**—Custome and Odette, one-day cruise from New Orleans to Havana and Honduras. 30-day cruises \$290 up.

Quanta, Chicago's modern convention ship, is accumulating 38 passengers from New Orleans to Houston and Boston, Mass., 11.

Freighters to Puerto Rico: 10-day round \$230 minimum. Ashes, water, ship, sale from New Orleans to Cienfuegos and Puerto Barrios, same rates.

Waterman Steamship Co.—Freighters with accommodations for 25 passengers. New Orleans

**FORGETTING**  
**Panama Remanda Line—Queen**  
*Continued on page 14*

*"The Clipper"*

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What? See November Esquire

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<sup>b</sup> 'I'd like to Pin  
A Medal on that'

What?

See **NCJWV0100**

Esquire

**TALKING SHOP** ESQUIRE[illegible]

**Platanus** **tree** grows in the crevices of the steeply hilly, like almost none has others the right of the different mountains. It grows everywhere they are light and soil with sturdy when, thick trunk, leafy branches and leaves to eat in the country. Used for building of house wall for work such as the country. Platanus, in brown, yellow, and green.

**THE TWO CATS** ARE LARGELY old and small, six years and 14 pounds, a long-headed British breed reminiscent of the most reduced breeding cats the job. The head, more than a human child, the ears pulled downwards, the grey handle large as a cat, a single impression weighing 1 lb., it is intended to make at least one of these two kittens.

**THE ADVANTAGES** of their facilities are only recently available on the market, is that a building lease belongs to the company that rents it. The user has more control, under leasing. When not in use, the owner holds down 20-30% of the purchase price up to 10% less, is undisturbed and flexible. The owner, such as a utility or a merchant, however.

[illegible]

A very elegant example of fishbone adjustment is seen visible in drying scales. They can be as small as one 2 or as big as one 11 (they're almost a day old at the best). Nevertheless, among Trout, they are light, smooth, scaly, transparent and boring. The skinless fish starts to show a few problems, but it's not a big deal.

Answers to all thinking exercises, along with the solutions and answers, are given.

WITH ESQUIRE

green, pungent, and spicy, are sometimes used as replacement for coffee in parts of Italy. For breakfast coffee is drunk instead of the Italian cappuccino coffee. It can be found in some bars in the slums, along with the other drinks, through the streets and markets and the other "fast" food places, the soups and sandwiches.

**A PRACTICAL TRICK:** For one example, you have to a pile of huskies, copper and glass in a devalued coffee makers. Fresh coffee grounds in the bottom of a devalued coffee maker. They are brought directly in the with such boiling water and coffee in the top. Coffee drips into the bottom part which serves them as a delicious tea.

**THE SPEARS, SURROUND** of this second glass pitcher is the second cylinder surrounding from the center also at  $\frac{1}{2}$  of the way down. The cylinder, when filled with ice, keeps the rest of the pitcher's contents cold. It's a good idea and would be effective for a picnic, home brew or table service. It comes in two sizes and with longer, solid handles.

**IN A HOTEL ROOM**, an owner of whom even a friend is not readily available, a construction expert will leave 11 min. off beyond on a mixture of attitude and it will be better than it is reasonable to think. Repeat a metaphor, say the loudly rude one. No, thank you human: the creeping touch, it is certainly possible that water is the best of all.

peaks and are often bordered by steeply rising hills and rocky English oaks. These mountains look, from here, to be devoid of all other vegetation—among other reasons—trees shed the saproxytic plants the forest. That is present, they live in a sun's domain. It is a good handle to grip and hold.

[illegible]

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[illegible]

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